

The One That Got Away

Tom Waits

Well, the gigolo's jumpin' salty
Ain't no trade out on the streets
Half past the unlucky
And the hawk's a front row seat
Dressed in full orchestration
Stage door Johnny's got to pay
And sent him home
Talking 'bout the one that got away Well, could've been on Easy Street
Could've been a wheel
With irons in the fire
And all them business deals
But the last of the big time losers
Shouted before he drove away
I'll be right back as soon as I crack
The one that got away The ambulance drivers, they don't give a shit
They just want to get off work
And the short stop
And the victim already gone berserk
And the shroud tailor measures him
For a deep six holiday
The stiff is froze, the case is closed
On the one that got away Now Jim Crow's directing traffic
With them cemetery blues
With them peculiar looking trousers
Them old Italian shoes
And a wooden kimono was all ready
To drop in San Francisco Bay
But he's mumbling something
All about the one that got away Costello was the champion
At the St. Moritz Hotel
And the best this side of Fairfax
Reliable sources tell
But his reputation is at large
And he's at Ben Frank's every day
Waiting for the one that got away He's got a snake skin sport shirt
And he looks like Vincent Price
With a little piece of chicken
And he's carving off a slice
But someone tipped her off

She'll be doing a Houdini now any day
She shook his hustle
A Greyhound bus'll take the one that got away
Andre is at the piano
Behind the Ivar in the sewers
With a buck a shot for pop tunes
And a fin for guided tours
He could've been in Casablanca
He stood in line out there all day
Now he's spilling whiskey
And learning songs about a one that got away
Well, I've lost my equilibrium
And my car keys and my pride
The tattoo parlor's warm
And so I hustle there inside
And the grinding of the buzz-saw
"What you want that thing to say?"
I says, "Just don't misspell her name
Buddy, she's the one that got away"

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